THE HYGIENE OF THE HANDS

How They May Be Made Soft, White and Beautiful, and Kept in That Condition.

The Trade of the Manicure and the Simple Secrets of Success-Toilet Arts that Afford Paying Employment for Women.

Written for the Sunday Journal.

The manicure art, which means the care of the hands, like most personal refinements, is of French origin. The chiropodist was indispensable to a great many people before, as large, obese and gouty personages found it difficult often to see their feet, let alone the care of them. The chiropodist to Louis Philippe, M. Sitt, a clever artist in his way, conceived that it would be an excellent thing to expend the same skill on the handsof high personages which were always in evidence, and history tells us not always as well kept as they might be, as was given to the toe-nails of his Least Christian Majesty. That the idea was inspired, and added one more charm to the existence of nobility, is evident, for no one, however bourgeois or plebeian, ever submits his hands to a skillful manicure without sighing to have the operation repeated as part of the daily routine. So readily does laxury lay hold on the human taste, and so true is Rousseau's saying that "the superfluous is the only indispensable." Monsieur Sitt was thorough in his craft, for his methods remain in favor with the best society abroad to the present day. They differ in several points from the practice of American manicures, and secure the best results in preserving the comeliness of the bands and finger-nails.

Manicuring proper includes the attention to the hands fully as much as the nails which are all the ordinary operator spends much care upon. So many lovely things have been said and sung about the beauty of the hand; such a spell lies in the touch, the sight of a fine hand, smooth as curd, white as bisque, soft as chamois, that most men and women covet to add it to their personal graces. For even a man's hand can be strong, and quick, and clever, while yet shapely. smooth and presentable. A woman needs fair hands to charm with, and not more for this than to pursue her feminine arts of needlework, painting, and, above all, of caring for children and the sick. The sweetest memory of a mother is her gentle look, the next her kind voice, the third the tender, silky touch of her hands in weariness or illness. We talk of a magnetic touch, because the same warmth and vitality which conveys feeling keeps the skin fine and thin, because often renewed. Constant growth, renewal and throwing off of tissue, is the condition of fine muscle and skin. This growth may be stimulated, and aided by the skill of the toilet and the bath.
A neglected hand, which is solely a convenience to its owner, may be surprisingly improved by continuous care. The first point is to make and keep it clean. You may think your hands well washed, yet after submitting them to a manicure they come out so much whiter that one feels they never were clean before. To put a careless hand in good condition may require half an hour's work three times a week for a fortnight, in which time the new skin should grow whiter and finer than

True, I can quote the example of one of the Four Hundred, a gentleman who counts his descent from Eric the Dane, whose wife is proud of the fact that he spends an hour daily earing for his hands, which are undeniably aristocratic and faultless in condition. But with most of us, life is too short and full of pressing duties to allow more than the minimum of time for cares which must be repeated daily, and fifteen minutes a day for the hands is wanton waste. Five minutes spent once a week trimming the nails of fingers and toes is all that most of us can afford, time being scarcer than money. But the daily toilet hould be made with military dispatch and

Soak ill-kept hands in hot bathing soap suds with half a teaspoonful of borax in the water, which acts wonderfully in removing grime. The hotter the water the sooner it will remove grime and old particles. I think the use of a stiff brush on the back of the hands, as well as the use of vaseline at night, fosters the growth of hair. Those who have used the rubber and-brushes will never want anything else. Rubber clings to the surface with a sort of suction and carries away every trace of grime with it. The common washing powders of different names quickly bleach the hands, but leave them harsh and dry unless rubbed with lemon juice or vinegar and water. A strong solution of oxalic acid should be kept to remove deep stains which result from cutting fruit or vegetables, though there are few which resist washing soda. There are some which defy cyanide of potassium, which will take out stains of Being a most powerful poison, its use

should be confined to such stains as noth-

Having whitened the hands and dried them well, let us proceed to soften them. laif the harshness of the skin comes of half drying hands after washing them, and the best use of almond meal comes in. It is nice to rub on the hands while rinsing them, rubbing the backs with it as if it were soap. But while the hands still feel moist from the towel, rub the dry almond meal over them, giving the backs a little friction, and they are left in a delightful state from the soupcon of oily powder, worked into the pores. The callons around the nails is to be down with pumice-stone still better a fine sandstone. Or start the emery-wheel of the sewing-machine, and rub the fingers down with it. In time the little sand-stone, worked by foot-power, will be one of the manicure's indipensable aids. The small grindstones for kitchen use serve good purpose in rubbing down rough or horny hands to smoothness. Not only do they wear away roughness, but friction stimulates the skin; and supples the hands The Romans knew most that was worth knowing about the toilet, and they used pumice and sandstone all over their bodies to secure the marbles moothness of flesh we hear of but seldom see.

Warts are so easily destroyed, it is needless to suffer from them. Touch them repeatedly with the colorless tincture of odine, or with nitrate of silver, retouching with the latter as fast as the stain wears away. Nitric acid also serves the same purpose, but makes the wart sore awhile. A strong solution of salicylic acid is said to destroy warts, moles or any unhealthy growths of the skin without pain or injury to the healthy parts, Erasmus Wilson relates that a crop of warts were removed by subjecting them to a succession of sparks from an electric machine. The modern practice is to pierce the warts with long needles and connect these with an electric battery. A crop of warts calls for a course of internal

The best way to treat agnails is to cut them close with fine sharp seissors, soak the first joint of the finger in very hot soapsuds for five or ten minutes, keeping it hot as can be borne, and touching, when dry, with cold cream. So far from being injurious to cut or pare the 'selvage," as the French call the rim of skin next the nail, when they are imperfect the best way is to trim them close with sharp, slender, pointed scissors, first entting the skin free of the nail without bleed ing. The nails can be trimmed to a fine oval on almost any fingers by pressing the flesh away at the corners and paring these closer, day by day, till they lose unsightly breadth. Then the fingers, by frequent pressure at the sides of the upper joint, will take a taper, instead of a spreading

tip. It is useless to develop a taper finger till the nail is in oval shape. Thick joints are by no means incurable defects, the only trouble being that few people will take the trouble of treating must not be snapped or worked at the oints, which is pretty certain to increase their size. The skillful manicure will rub each joint tound and round or upward between thumb and finger, to reduce the joints and supple them. Two or three tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, taken diluted with a little clear water before each meal, will reduce large joints and gonty excresences in time, but a speedier way is treatment with iodide of potassium in connection with electric baths, which works marvels with large joints and long deformities.

A Topeka baby, which weighs two and one-half pounds with all its clothes on and a woolen shawl, has been taken by its parents to Denver to be exhibited in a dime museum. They are to receive \$60 a week

To keep the nails thin, polished and firm,

to project beyond the finger ends, a rim of white two lines beyond the flesh being the most beautiful way of wearing them. The pointed long nails, however fashionable with the few, are cruel looking, and suggest uselessness, accidents and breakages anyhow. Imagine an artist or a statue with long, pointed nails. When we grow three-corner singer ends the pointed nail will be in keeping, not till then. You will not see the "talon cut" of nails on the hand of any court beauties photographed to-day. The files used by ordinary manicures are much too coarse for finger nails. The "Sitt" practice uses only the finest, appropriately called velvet files. Scraping the nails or filing their surface thickens them; they should only be rubbed down with the fine emery and connected to which is used emery and cinnabar powder which is used for polishing shell and ivory. The nails are an index of the health. When they thicken, grow ridged or brittle the system is out of order, to which careful diet and few Turkish baths will usually restore it. The effect of the bath is seen at once on the finger nails, which seem thinner, more delicate and firm for a week after. The Sitt method forbids the use of acid or sharp metal points about the finger nails, which are cleaned with pointed orange-wood sticks, also used for pressing back the selvage of skin at the base of the nails.

The Sitt method of manicure soaks one hand in warm soapsuds a few minutes to soften the skin and nails, when they are dried and the nails cut at once. No acid is applied to the nails, as the manicure urg-ently protests, from experience, that it makes them opaque and brittle, destroying the gelatine which gives their clearness and tenacity. No sharp metal blade or scraper is ever allowed for cleaning the nails, as digging and scraping roughens the underside of the mail and prepares it to collect the dust. Well-polished nails and well-kept finger-tips no more hold the dust than so much smooth shell. A file of marvelous fineness is used sometimes to smooth the corners and broken edges of the nail, but they are required as seldom as may be. Next the finger-tips are touched with amandine, delightful toilet jelly compound of eggs, almond milk and other choice ingredients. A trifle of this is applied under the uail and to the selvage, after which the pointed orange-wood pencil clears the nails perfectly, and is used to press the "binding" of the nails back. The Sitty manicures say the selvage is never to be cut any more than the edge of by ill-use this border is broken and rough when it may be trimmed and again. But the harsh bractice of common manicures who leave this rim sore and bleeding is reprehensible. Polishing with the pink emery powder follows, using a buffer of chamois the usual shape, but twice or three times longer, which is much more surely and easily used. Care must be taken always to rub the nail toward the edge, not downward, to wound the selvage and till it with powder. A rim of vermilion round a fresh-trimmed nail is most careless and unsightly. The nails receive their final polish by the palm of the operator, after which the hand is dusted and wiped with a square of fine linen cambric, all the red that will brush off is removed from the nails, leaving a natural pink tint, and a touch of amandine rubbed over the back of the hand and wiped off leaves it pliant, fresh and scented; when, if not the "snow-white hand of the most beauteous Rosalind," it is at least fit for any gentle deed, or kiss of courtesy, an old salute coming in fashion. Indeed, when

has it ever been quite out?
I conclude with an English recipe for keeping hands smooth, which is two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, one of glycerine and the same of almond oil-colorless oil by the way, for experience lends reason to the idea that most oils and vaseline discolor and darken the hands. En passant, hot foot baths nightly, and purgatives, with coarse bread, are the best regime to

Honey balsam is a nice preparation English ladies' maids compound to whiten and soften hands. It is made of eight tablespoonfuls of pale strained honey. heated gently, and two tablespoonfuls of vegetable glycerine melted into it; when cold, two tablespoonfuls of rectified spirit and three drams of pure citric acid are added, with a few drops of any rich essence to perfume. Dissolve the acid crystals in the spirit before pouring into the other mixture and bottle at once.

These toilet arts afford new avenues of employment to women, but it is indispensible that the best methods be learned and practiced with the utmost refinement. A hair-dresser or manicure in dress ever so scent, if not by sight, the need of personal attentions, repels at once, and if to this she adds indifferent, implements and ill-smelling applications, she may be certain customers will not willingly seek her services a second time. A good manicure, who has also knowledge of facial massage, can command \$5 a day at moderate estimate by private practice in cities, going from house to house; and few callings require so little effort, only that effort must be given with delicate skill and SHIRLEY DARE.

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HAD BEEN UNDER THE ENEMY'S FIRE.

New York Tribune.

"Was I ever afraid in battle?" said an English army officer. "Many times. But there are different kinds of fright. I have served in India, in Egypt and in western Africa, but the worst 'funk' I was ever in was when there was no enemy within thousands of miles of me.

"I was a captain at the time and was stationed at Port Royal, Jamaica. We had just got a lot of recruits on our hands, the rawest, greenest recruits you ever saw. I was drilling them in rifle practice at long range, and had great trouble to make them obey orders with precision. In fact, one could never be sure whether they would fire when you wanted them to present, or present when you wanted them to fire. "I had been sending them through a practice one afternoon, and they were so terribly stupid that I got into a vile humor. The day was fearfully warm, and the sun beat down so fiercely that my horse, a wicked brute, got into almost an ungovernable temper. I sat on my horse at the right of the squad, and was giving them volley practice at long range. When my patience was entirely gone the men seemed to gain a little sense, and began to fire with rapidity and accuracy. Things were running as smoothly as clock-work and I was soon soothed into cheerfulness despite the heat. Not so my horse. He was never more vic-

"We were getting along so well by this time that it was 'Ready! Present! Fire!" and the volley would ring out like a single

"Once I cried out 'Ready!' and the work was as pretty as that of veterans. "'Present,' and every rifle went up to shoulders in perfect form. At the very instant I was about to say 'Fire!' my fretting horse bolted, cutting directly across the range. I was not twenty feet from the squad. My eye caught the glittering rifles levelled right at me, and instinctively closed my eyes and ducked my head. If you know what British soldiers are you can imagine my feelings, my terrible fear, for as I said before, I was never before in such a 'funk.' I knew that if I opened my mouth those recruits would riddle my body with rifle balls, for they were expect-ing the word 'Fire!' and probably would have taken any sound for that. My desire to cry out 'As you were!' to get the rifles off my body was so great that I had to clench my teeth to keep from crying out. Of course the whole thing took only a few seconds, but it was many minutes longer than

that to me. "When my plunging horse had carried me from before the motionless rifles, I managed to wheel him. As he came around cried 'Fire!' and every one of those stolid men obeyed the command with absolute precision. That assured me all the more that had I opened my mouth while crossing their range I should have been a dead man, for they were not drilled sufficiently to distinguish a different order at the last instant, and yet followed one's words with a

"I have often thought," added the officer with a strange smile on his lips, "that those recruits fancied I had cut across them to test their drill, for they they showed no surprise, not the faintest sign of emotion when I suddenly wheeled and cried 'Fire!' But you may well believe that this was not the case. And I pledge you that never afterward in rifle practice did I get caught in so dangerous and helpless a situation."

To keep the nails thin, polished and firm, museum. They are to receive \$60 a week keep them trimmed, never allowing them for eight months and all expenses.

ASHIONS IN FACE-PAINTING

Electric Lighting Makes It Almost Necessary for Women to Resort to It.

Hints as to the Best Method of Applying Artificial Coloring-Social Leaders Not Agreed on the Divided Skirt Question.

Special Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal. NEW YORK, May 17 .- An actress of worldwide renown said to me to-day: "It is all nonsense to condemn artificiality in the complexions of women. If you have a clear, pure skin, leave it natural, of course, but if it be muddy and rough paint and powder it. I saw a girl in a parlor, last evening, wearing an Empire gown, and with neither touch of rouge nor bit of court-plaster on her pale face. She was a failure. It is a matter of history that the bewitching Julias, Claudias, and others who figured as heroes of ancient Rome applied unguents, cosmetics, paints and powders to their complexions. The Cleopatras and other fair ones of old were wielders of the hare's foot and powder-puff. Jezebel was probably but emulating the fashions of her day when she painted her face and tired her head. Nowadays the scientific improvements of the age with regard to lighting arrangements, in fact, have necessitated a certain amount of artificial coloring. One does not care to have one's artistic susceptibilities offended by the sight of over-florid faces, or hollow eyes and pallid cheeks above perfect toilets, whose harmonious coloring is so distinctly displayed by the electric light, nor is there any reason why the rough patches made by the wind's rude fingers should be allowed to distigure a more or less velvety skin, when the pow-der-puff's artful aid can be called into requisition to remedy the defect. We live in an age when we expect everything to look its best, and woman, above all else, owes it, as her duty to society, to show herself off to the best advantage, even though she has to depend wholly upon her dressmaker and hair-dresser to bring about that desirable end "

The actress was at the Actors' Fund mati-nee, and on every side were heavily-daubed soubrettes, emotionals and other fair ones of the stage. "Of course," she continued, "it is not desirable that the broad effects suitable for the foot-lights should be adopted in the unsparing light of day. Still, some measure of allowance might be made if women would be at some pains to conceal the artifices of the toilet and maintain some measure of uniformity in their use. Make-up is, indeed, permissible so long as it deceives, and if an effect is good we do not care how it is produced. If these actresses off duty would be advised on such a matter, they would find that a thinner application of blanc de perle, a lighter hand with the hare's foot, and a less Cimmerian blackness of the eyes will serve their purpose better than their bold, but crude, treatment of their faces. Women apparently arrange their complexions to suit their toilets or the state of the weather, and one may observe here a strange variety of powder hues. There is a deadly white, against which the red and black of lips and eyes have a clown-like effect: there is a cream or yellowish tinge, adapted for gloomy days, and which tones effectively with dark toilets; a decidedly pink shade, which, with the rouge, makes a symphony in red, and, finally, an unmistakable blue, the precise object of which is not apparent. These are the back-grounds on which the coloring is applied, and in this latter the only variation is that in some cases it assumes a dull, faded hue, the result of frequent use, whilst in others it has all the aggressive redness of a boiled lobster. They needn't be more natural, but more artistic.'

An announced exhibition of equestriennes in the divided-skirt costume didn't come off. In the first place, such an innovation will require considerable nerve in the innovators, and, in the second place, the fair ladies are at odds among themselves regardslightly soiled, whose presence betrays by | ing the details of the riding habit. Some advocate an adaptation of Lady Habber-ton's divided skirt, leaving the body and head to be clothed with the prevailing style mechanical treatment, carelessly kept of close-fitting basque and high hat. These are chiefly our worshipers of England. Others, more patriotic, insist on a distinctively American costume, averring that, as New York leads in the fashions for the Western continent, she might as well set up one style with her own sign and seal upon it, and one which is calculated to commend itself to all sensible folk. This faction is quite settled on the chief features of the garb, which is a wide-brimmed hat caught up on one side with a big bunch of feathers, the object being to lend piquancy to the face, even a plain one—a full blouse waist, bright odine, aniline or nitrate of silver itself. But Once the Rifles of His Own Soldiers with buttons and open at the throat, with seing a most powerful poison, its use ing color; inside the collar a fullness of rich soft lace-to give added beauty to a full throat and a chance for screening a scrawny neck-and a very short skirt matching the blouse. Then-here is the sticking pointhow to dress the legs, for our American women have adopted one good English fashion, that of owning to legs by name as well as fact. But whether it shall be regular knickerbockers and patentleather shoes, or tight-fitting leggings with buttons at the side and long boots, is the question. All of this faction agree, however, that there shall be a second skirt, long and full, matching the blouse, to throw over the short skirt and leggings, and button to the blouse, with a sash of suitable color to conceal the buttons, and

there we are in graceful walking costume. "For," says one, a dame of potent elo-quence, "we do look ridiculous when we walk, as some of us must before and after the mount. Think of it! Our clinging skirts reveal an inch or two of black trousers; the distance from our boots to the top of our high hats is increased immensely by the absence of drapery and bustle, while a plump woman looks plethoric, a thin one consumptive. In fact, we are simply a cross between a priest and a masquerader. I am tired of it." So the talk goes on, while a waiting world stands in breathless expectancy. CLARA BELLE.

[Copyright, 1890.] LODGE AND ROOSEVELT.

The Two Young Republican Reformers Are Cousins-Their Literary and Athletic Tastes.

Correspondence Kansas City Star. Conspicuous among the fortunate friends of the new power in the House is a comparatively young man, and a statesman of but limited experience, yet one who will be closely watched from this time on. This man is Henry Cabot Lodge, of Boston. Lodge is now in the front rank of Republican leaders in the House. He was, more than any other man, to be credited with making Mr. Reed Speaker, and of course Reed has not forgotten him. Lodge has brains and force, and has pushed himself forward at a pace which would be astonishing to any country but this, where meteor-like progress in statesmanship is one of the characteristics of the people and

During the speakership canvass the friends of the Western candidates poked considerable fun at Lodge. They called him the "New England dude," and declared that no man who walked down the street with one glove on his hand and the other hanging over his cane could help a candidate for Speaker. But Mr. Lodge did help his chief, and proved that though a college man, a "literary fellow," and just the least bit of an exquisite, he knew how to hustle for his friend and himself. Many an old statesuan envies Lodge his youth, and of flouncing, seven yards of narrower lace. health, and his buoyancy of spirits. The a bertha, a handkerchief, fan and parasol-elevator at Vice-president Morton's house, cover, was marked \$6,000. Most women where Mr. Reed lives, and where the speak- | who think they are buying point gaze ership canvass was largely carried on, is really get point gaze applique, which is altogether too slow for Lodge. When in a almost as pretty, but has a machine-made hurry, he runs up four flights of stairs and arrives at his destination ahead of the ele-

But the name of "Yankee dude" that was given Lodge by the older men when the former first made his appearance in the world of national politics did not hang to him long. As men came to know him they found that he had brawn and brain, and respected him accordingly. Lodge has a cousin here as distinguished in his way as the Massachusetts politician. Like Lodge, he is an ardent civil-service reformer, and is by all odds the strangest man on the

Roosevelt. He says himself that he was never happier in his life than in his present work, though his heart is sometimes filled with sadness in observing how far from the straight and narrow path of reform his good cousin Lodge has strayed. The cousins are two of the noticeable young men of the times. Their future will be watched with interest by all observers of politics. Senatorships of their respective States, even the presidency itself, is not

Both Lodge and his cousin, Roosevelt, are literary, having done more than one clever thing with his pen. Both regard literature as their profession, but both are likely to do more in politics than in belles lettres. Both are put down as dudes by the thoughtless, on account of their appearance, while, as a matter of fact, both are strong, hearty, wholesome men, and athletes besides. Roosevelt's life on a ranch in far Dakota was almost that of a cowboy, and in the hunt there is nothing too dangerous or difficult for him to attempt. Lodge is a daring horseback rider, and one of the most enthusiastic of the paper-chasers of Washington.

STUDIES IN LACE.

Glance at the Origin and History of Lace-Making-Invented by a Woman.

New York Mail and Express. Laces are to women what broad lands and gold are to men-the coveted possession. The idol of a woman's heart is a flounce that long years ago was worked in some convent in the Euganean Hills, for a prelate to wear above his purple and give to it a fine mixed flavor of candle smoke and incense. Decade after decade it lay in the close oak chest of his sacristy. At his death a princess bought it. A thievish servant stole it. A king's favorite flaunted in it. A needy mender pieced it. A Jew priced it. It was rebought, resold, reworn, retorn, remended till it lay in a pawn-broker's shop in Paris, where a rich matron of McAllisterville bargained for it, brought it home and plumes herself more on it than on her diamonds as she sits in state to be admired while Patti sings Lucia.

There are few jewels that cannot be duplicated, but there are many pieces of lace that money cannot buy. The selection of lace is one of the few branches of amateurship in which women excel. They are shrewd collectors and buyers. Perhaps they delight in the delicate fabric because it stands for woman's art and skill. The old books of lace patterns used to be vignetted with the tortoise, the emblem of the homekeeping woman.

They say it was a woman, Barbara Utt-mann, who invented pillow lace in the sixteenth century. Women have ever been patrons of lace-making. It is Queen Victoria who has kept the Honiton laces in fashion. Her wedding-dress and veil and the bridal laces of all her daughters have been of English Honiton, in patterns of roses, shamrocks and thistles, the national flowers. They say that Victoria has \$500,-000 invested in fine laces. "Now, at least, I can have laces," said Anne of Austria, when Louis XIII (her husband) died. When Colbert, Minister of Louis XIV, started lace-making in France he had three women as coadjutators. Napoleon revived point d'Alencon because Josephine loved it, and spent fabulous sums on it. Eugenie was resplendent in lace, and had \$1,000,000 worth. She spent \$5,000 for a single dress flounce of point d'Alencon.

It was the Duchess of Argyll who introduced lace-making in Scotland, and Lady Denny, Lady Bingham and the Countess of Erne began it in Ireland. Lady De Vere gave her own Brussels point for patterns when the first point was made at Curragh. Elizabeth of Denmark introduced lacemaking in that country. It was a Russian lady who started the making of Moscow point, and Lady Hamilton Chichester, under whose patronage the Maltese laces long so fashionable-there were dealers in New York who called them Lincoln laces in war times-were first made. Everywhere the nuns' schools have given instruction. The Archduchess Sophia started lace schools in

There are fortunes in laces right here in New York. One of our millionaire families has treasures of the dainty creations which are worth \$500,000, and rival the Prussian and Austrian crown laces. The Astor family has rich lace treasures which connoisseurs value at not less than \$300,000. The late Mrs. Astor left from \$40,000 to \$50,000 worth to the Metropolitan Art Museum. The late Mrs. A. T. Stewart knew more about lace than she did about most subjects, and spent \$500 per pair for the curtains at the big gloomy mansion's windows. Her personal and dress laces were worth \$250,000. Mrs. R. L. Stuart has a collection equally valuable. The Belmont laces are almost priceless. Mrs. Bradley Martin and Mrs. Marshall Roberts have exquisitely fine, choice and rare laces. Vice-President Morton's wife and Mrs. W. C. Whitney have laces worth from \$50,000 to \$75,000. New York buys more laces than any other city in the world. It has at least a score of wealthy women whose laces exceed \$50,000 in value, and probably a hundred whose collections would sell for \$20,000. The lace cloaks that have lately come in fashion figure in the wardrobe of affluent matrons to the tune of \$1,000 to \$12,000. Lace shawls long since laid by are being brought out for dress draperies and scarfs in the lace revival, and one dressmaker claims to have had a glimpse of two worth not less than \$6,000. The late Mrs. John Jacob Astor had a famous lace robe that cost \$18,000 in Paris, but this is quite outdone by a dress lately heard of, which was bought abroad for \$25,000. Dress draperies at \$1,000, fichus at \$500, scarfs at \$1,000, handkerchiefs and collar and cuff sets at \$200 to \$300 find everyday sale in the stores. There are few women who can withstand laces. Even the doughty Susan B. Anthony, whose thoughts are on the ballot-box, wears fine laces on occasion. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Livermore and others of the platform women delight in them just as do their more frivolous sisters.

Not since the palmy days of Eugenie has lace been so fashionable. We swear by Vandyke and find that in his portrait of Cardinal Bentivoglio the lace lies over the robe superbly. We look to the renaissance for everything and we find that Tintoretto's senators. Giorgione's warriors and Titian's fair-haired beauties supped, and studied, and doubted, and warred, and laughed in laces that were most becoming. Leaders of fashion are discovering that while tawdry novelties are odious in a month, fine laces are economical investments, because they can be used and reused and keep their value like diamonds. Every lace exhibition intensifies the passion of connoisseurs, and not only increases the number of lace idolators, but develops a popular taste and demand for beautiful laces, es-

pecially point laces. The Venetian and Spanish raised points. and early point de France are the most expensive laces known. An average specimen brings \$10 a yard when only an inch wide. As the width increases, the pattern becomes more elaborate, and the prices run up with marvelous celerity. Point d'Argentan comes second in value. This was Mme. Du Bury's favorite lace, but it is no longer made, and can only be had by the purchase and repurchase of valuable pieces, like old jewels. There is quite a little of it in New York city. Somebody was saying the other day that Mrs. Wanamaker had some fine specimens.

The most beautiful and costly modern point lace is Bruxelles point gaze. This has been the favorite and fashionable lace for fifty years, and costs, when an inch wide, about \$6.50 a yard. When the dow-ager Empress Friedrich married the then Crown Prince of Prussia, the King of the Belgians gave her a dress of this lace worth \$10,000. Some exquisite specimens have been shown in New York recently. A half shawl was so light that it could be drawn

through a finger ring. This web is of the lightness of a feather. which, in its price, is too heavy for our purses. One set, consisting of seven yards almost as pretty, but has a machine-made ground, and so comes cheaper, though not too cheap, you may be sure, a narrow scarf

often costing \$100. Point d'Alencon, which is a French lace, and point d'Angleterre, which is a Brussels lace, come next in value. A lappet of point d'Angleterre, which was in Mrs. Stewart's collection, is esteemed one of the choicest found that he had brawn and brain, and respected him accordingly. Lodge has a cousin here as distinguished in his way as the Massachusetts politician. Like Lodge, he is an ardent civil-service reformer, and is, by all odds, the strongest man on the Civil-service Commission. It is Theodore respected him accordingly. Lodge has a copy of the country. Another piece, for which Mrs. Stewart paid \$45,000, is a copy of the counterpane of point d'Alencon, which was made for the royal bed-chamber when Napoleon married the Princess Maria Louisa. It is dotted all over with designs of the imperial bees.

Neither of these points is as fashionable

now as in former years.

Very few people know the difference between point lace, which is made with the needle, and pillow lace, which is made with bobbins-"the bones," as Shakspeare called them. Valenciennes is a pillow lace, and there is more real Valenciennes worn than any other lace manufactured; and more imitations of Valenciennes are scattered about the world than of any other lace known. Duchesse lace is still extremely fash-ionable, but it is not used for the same purpose as Valenciennes and does not encroach on it in any way. Cashmere lace appeared, and then Spanish blondes, but Valenciennes stood its ground. Torchon sprang into popularity, and was cheap but not beautiful, and soon declined. Then came Breton, and then Mechlin. This is a pretty lace, but so delicate as to look flimsy. It was voted too expensive, considering its effectiveness, and point d'esprit took its place, but Valenciennes was more worn than ever before. For underwear, handkerchiefs, collars and made-up lace goods it has never seen a rival. Nalenciennes is queen, but duchesse lace is prime minister. It is too expensive for many purposes, and will not wash repeatedly, but for fichus, vests, pompadours and the various bodice ornaments of fashionable dress it is at the zenith of its popularity. It is one of the most effective trimmings for an evening gown, showing over silks and velvets beautifully. It is combined with the point laces, and a handker-chief of point gaze and duchesse often costs \$50. Duchesse and point gaze flouncings cost sometimes \$200 a yard. All these are pillow laces. So is Chantilly, which is a silk lace and the most beautiful of black laces. some of the patterns being almost laces, some of the patterns being almost equal to point gaze. Chantilly is very successfully imitated, the imitations being equal to the poorer quality of the lace, but the best flouncings, scarfs, etc., are inimitable. Blondes are cheaper than Chantilly, and the handsomest blondes are the Barce-lona ecru, white and black patterns, which have a bold dash of grace about them.

Guipures are in favor at present, and are serviceable and inexpensive. There are not many lace novelties, in spite of the lace mania. Vandyke features are brought out in all the new goods made. The Irish point lace, which is not a point at all, but a pillow lace. is quite pretty and very popular. So is the Carrickmacro, which is a pretty thread guipure. So is the La Tosca, which comes in Vandyke patterns. The handsome Spanish and other foundations are machine laces, the flowers being woven and then outlined by threads, put in by the needle. Some of them are very pretty, and they bring much higher prices than those which have known no other touch than that of the loom. The high-bred woman is known by the way in which she adapts her laces to her occasions. She doesn't put on at fifty laces which are suitable only at twentyfive. She distinguishes between the seasons and the hours of the day. In the morning she wears Valenciennes. In the

winter she wears point d'Alencon. With delicate summer muslins she chooses light soft lille and Arras laces. With a rich, sedate evening velvet she puts on duchesse or the strongly marked bruges. Lastly, she believes with Ruskin that "the real good of a piece of lace, then, you will find is that it should show, first, that the designer of it had a pretty fancy; next, that the maker of it had nimble fingers; lastly, that the wearer of it has worthiness or dignity enough to obtain what is difficult to obtain and common sense enough not to wear it on all occasions."

ASPHALT AS A PAVEMENT.

The Arguments in Its Favor Are Numerous and Very Convincing. Philadelphia Inquirer.

The most approved pavement of today is the asphalt. It offers the least resistance to wheels of any pavement in use. It is smooth and pleasant to drive over. It can readily be cleaned. It costs less to keep in repair, and nothing yet offered can compare with it. It is the one pavement above all others that is coming into general use in cities which pretend to keep up with the times. Philadelphia is using it in driblets. We are getting patches of it here and there, and we must use it whenever a street is repaired if we would lift ourselves out of the ruts of the old-fogy cobbles and up to the standard set by other cities.

Among the thousands of letters containing signatures to the petition for repaving Broad street received at this office not half a dozen protests have appeared. This shows plainly enough how public sentiment runs, Two correspondents have com-plained that asphalt is bad for horses, and two or three more that small streets should first be attended to. Both objections are easily answered, while the arguments in behalf of asphalt are so numerous that it is useless to repeat them. They are convincing to all who will stop to think for one

The experience where asphalt is largely used is that it is the most desirable pavement for horses. The force required to draw a lead weighing one ton upon cob bles is ninety pounds, upon the best Belgian blocks thirty-three pounds and upon asphalt but fifteen pounds. Of course, the wear upon wheels is small upon asphalt when compared with stone, and as for the danger of horses slipping, that is unworthy of consideration. Asphalt is used to a great extent in some Western cities. The famous avenue, Unter den Linden, in Berof it are in use in Washington, which is rapidly becoming the most magnificent city of America. The growth of Washington in ten years has been marvelous, and this is due to a great extent to the smootl asphalt pavements which make it possible to drive to every portion of the city in comfort. The national capital is the best paved city in the world, and it is reaping the reward of wisdom.

Why They Do It. Two women leaned over the backyard fence (The same old fence) as the sun went down, While each told the other, in confidence, The scandals she'd gathered around the town, For women must gossip or they can't sleep; Their idea is that secrets weren't made to

So they lean on the fence in the gloaming. I'wo women sat out on the front-door stoop. In the evening glow, as the sun went down. They told how their children had skipped the And they sneered at the minister's wife's new

For women delight in a friendly chat, Without it their lives would be stale and flat; So they sit on the stoop in the gloaming. Two husbands came home from the base-ball (From the office, they said), as the sun went

Both ready and eager to hear the same Sweet scandals their wives had hunted down. For men, though they work, love gossip too, And that's why their wives seek something

As they meet and talk in the gloaming.

The Ready-Made Gown. Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Some years ago, when a few large drygoods shops began experimentally to en-croach on the modiste's trade, little dismay was felt by the latter. It was supposed—and certainly the outlits then offered in the "suit departments" of the mercantile houses fully bore out the surmise—that such a "ready-made" trade would never compete with any but the homely dressmaker—a "modiste" being a genius quite apart. Events have proven the rashness of this assumption, which left a leading factor-American enterprise—out of the question; and, while our leading merchants now cater to their wealthy patrons with imported gowns that make the home modiste's heart to swell with envy, the latter have wisely taken the "ready-made" hint, and the "ladies' suit parlors" are now a well-established fact. They have not, as yet, reached the point of refreshing the stomach as well as the eye of their patrons, as have their Eastern contemporaries; but all things in time. They have done one good thing. They have ban-ished the dowdy from our streets. Even the country cousin has no raison d'etre. with means within her reach at far less cost, of far better quality, and fit and design than formerly, to make her bow de-cently and without bringing a blush to the cheek of her city relative. In a pretty traveling suit of blue serge, made, say with big box pleats, separated by fine pleats of black and white, a blue blazer, faced with black and white, which also forms the vest —a nobby outfit, obtainable for \$10—she is no longer "my country cousin," to whom all things must be forgiven, but "my cousin from the country;" in a voice suggestive of

The Trouble in Washington Society.

villas and cattle ranches.

Washington Post.
A young lady has evolved the following reflection on masculine Washington: The saddest words of tongue or pen. There are too many women and not enough

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DUPED BY AN ASSASSIN. The Ear for Which the Russian Paid Was Not His Enemy's. London Daily Telegraph.

Italian bravos, in times gone by, were a

fierce, bloodthirsty, cowardly lot, but they seldom deceived those from whom they took blood-money. In the Caucasus, where an indigenous variety of the genus flourishes, the course of assassination does not run by any means so smoothly as in Italy. Thus, lately a Russian citizen there, impatient to send an enemy of his to his eternal reward, and having himself a holy horror of bloodshed, hired a local bravo for £15 down and a promise of £15 more on fulfilment of the contract, the proof of which was to consist in the due delivery of one of the murdered man's ears. Before the lapse of a week after the negotiations were concluded the hired assassin appeared in the dead of the night and asked for a tete-a-tete with his employer, whose heart he warmed with the inspiriting sight of the cold, colorless ear, for which he was paid the covenanted £15, and also £2 10s over and above the stipulated sum as baksheesh.

Judge of the indignation of the employer when, a few days afterwards, in one of the most frequented streets, he knocked up against his inveterate enemy, who seemed hale, hearty, and in good spirits, and was sporting two whole ears. The bravo, as it was afterwards made clear, was a mere swindling knave, who stole a dead man's ear in order to defraud a living man who trusted him, took £32 10s from his employer for an assassination which he never carried out, and £20 more from his intended victim for giving him warning and his life. The matter will be brought before the law courts of Tiflis in a few days. The dured employer thinks that the sums of which he has been wickedly defrauded should be refunded to him.

The Careful Alderman.

America.

Alderman Finnegau-Jamesy, me bye, run over to the crockery store an' git two o' thim little things to kape spices in; we want thim for the bar. Jamesy-Yis, sor.

Alderman Finnegan-An', Jamesy, see that there is an "S" marked on ache of

them. Jamesy-Yes, sor; but phat for, sor?
Alderman Finnegan-Bekase, wan of thim
is for salt an' wan ov thim is for cinnamon.
Run along, now, like a foine byc.

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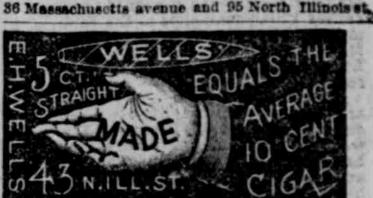
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